THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

Volume II. JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863. Number 49.

Smoky Hill and Repub'n Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT

JUNCTION, DAVIS Co., KANSAS.

W. K. BARTLETT. - - - S. M. STRICKLER,
Proprietors.
WM. S. BLAKELY, - - - GEO. W. MARTIN,
Editors and Publishers.

OFFICE IN BRICK BUILDING, CORNER OF SEVENTH & WASHINGTON St's.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, - - - - - $2.00
Ten copies, one year, - - - - - 15.00
*** Payment required in all cases in advance. All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time for which payment is received.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, first insertion, - - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion, - - - 50
Ten lines or less being a square.
Yearly advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

JOB WORK

done with dispatch, and in the latest style of the art.

☞ Payment required for all Job Work on delivery.

How the French Soldiers are Taken Care of.

Let our soldiers read the following from *All the Year Round*, in regard to French soldiers on the march—and "take care." The writer says:

"The precautions taken to prevent our taking cold, and to insure our comfort and health, I thought excessive. In the first place, if the weather were chilly, we were obliged to march in close order, for warmth. As the day grew warmer, the ranks were opened, so that we might not be incommoded by the dust and perspiration. As soon as we began to perspire, delirious sergeants, captains and lieutenants trotted about our columns, shouting to men to button up their coats, if they opened them, and diminishing the quickness of our steps as we approached a halt; and woe to the parched soldier who dare touch water till he had received orders to do so.

"'Eat bread! Eat a few mouthfuls of bread before you drink!' 'Rinse your mouth well out before you drink a mouthful of water!' 'Sit on your packs, and not on the ground!' "You, sir! two days *salle de police* for lying down in the shade! Up with you.'

"When we arrived at our destination, first duties over and soup eaten, the officers seemed possessed; they stormed and shouted at the sight of a particle of dust or mud on a shoe; they caused trowsers to be turned up to see that there was no damp feet; doctors flew about inquiring after sore heels; captains grew red in the face in their anxiety to see everything orderly and comfortable. Before sunset, whether it was bivouac or village, the regiment was as quiet as a church. Next morning everybody awoke refreshed, and rather inclined for another march than otherwise."

Sayings that are not Poor Richard's.

Man was kreated a little lower than the Angels, and he has been getting a little lower ever since.

Yu can tell just about what a man will du by hearing what he has did.

The most oneasy critter I ever pursued was a bob tailed bull in fly time.

I am prepared tu say tu seven of the rich men out of every ten, "Make the most of your money, for your money makes the most of you."

A big soul makes a man look like an old fashioned tin lantern with a kandle in it.

The meanest man that I ever knew was the one that stole a sugar whistle from a nigger baby, to sweeten a kup of rye koffee with.

When yu have seen trouble, du as the dogs du when the get whipped; go in secret and lick your sores till they git well, and then look up another fight.

There is this difference between rusting out and wearing out; if yu rust out, when yu git turu yu ain't worth a cuss, but if yu wear out, what's left of yu is fustrate.

A man who will chaw terbacker will drink santy kruz rum, and a man that will drink santy kruz rum will go tu the devil, and a man that will go tu the devil is mean enough tu do enny thing.

A RECKLESS GENERAL.—Gen. Payne, of Illinois, commands a brigade in the Army of the Cumberland, composed of Illinois and Ohio troops. A soldier of the 79th Ohio sends to the Dayton Journal the following in reference to this officer:

"One day a wealthy lady, whose plantation was in the vicinity of the camp, came in and inquired for Gen. Payne. When the commander made his appearance, the old lady in warm language at once acquainted him with the fact that his men had stolen her last coop full of chickens, and demanded their restitution or their value in currency.

"'I am very sorry for you, madam,' replied the General, 'but I can't help it. The fact is, madam, we are determined to squelch out the rebellion if it takes every d—d chicken in Tennessee!'

"This exhibition of utter recklessness of means for the accomplishment of a purpose, which the old lady deemed most *foul*, temporarily deprived her of the power of speech, and she passed from the presence of the General without asserting her right to the last word."

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be quartz.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

A Thrilling Narrative of Events!

THE COMBAT OF SUNDAY!

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

Morning broke cold and dim. A rank fog obscured the camp-fires and transformed the flitting figures around them into gnomes. The rattling of wagons, the vehement rumble of caissons, and the low monotonous word of command, were heard in all directions. A heavy white frost—the first, I believe, of the month—shone icely on the grass, as the glow of the muffled flames touched it redly.

The line of battle was fully established by seven o'clock. The divisions were not in the same order as they went into the fight on Saturday. Some had rallied, and in going back had deflected to the right or left, leaving gaps, which other divisions must close. I do not believe that any mortal man can give the order of each brigade, as it was left by the ebb of Saturday's battle. But during the night the divisions had gathered their estray but shattered regiments, and stood ready once more to test the powers of the foe.

Thomas still held the left, with Palmer's and Johnson's divisions attached to his corps and thrown in his centre. Brannan was retired slightly, his regiments arrayed in *echelon*. Van Cleve was placed on the left side of the first road, in the rear of the line, and held in reserve. Wood, Davis and Sheridan followed next, the latter holding the extreme right. Gen. Lytle still held the position at Goodlin's Mills, altho'h now dangerously isolated from the right.

Thus it will be seen that three-fourths of the army was concentrated on the left, with the view of holding that vital point. The right was much too weak, but it was a question between defeat and utter destruction. We could afford to have our right shattered, but our left and left centre must have all the troops it required, or the army was ruined—totally, irreparably lost.

Before the sun rose, I rode slowly thro' the trains towards Gen. Rosecrans' headquarters. They had been established the day previous at a log house known as the residence of the widow Glenn. It was surrounded by corn-fields, and commanding a view slight enough of itself, but more extensive than could be found in other places.

The battle-field was almost one vast forest. It was interspersed with fields and clearings, but it was seldom the troops held any position in open ground. When they were not drawn up in the forest they skirted the borders of a clearing. A charge across one of these must carry the opposite wood, or the column fall under cover in confusion. Nothing could live in these open fields on Saturday under the solid sheets of musket balls that tore across them, hour after hour.

Arriving at headquarters I found the staff servants rolling up the blankets, and the orderlies bridling their horses. Headquarters, like the army itself, must go further to the left.

The widow Glenn's house had been selected the previous day because it was thought that it would be near the centre of the line of battle; but one day's battle had completely unmasked it, leaving it just on the verge of our extreme left. The day before it was far to the rear of the line; now it was surrounded by grim lines of troops, standing to arms, chattering with the penetrating cold of early morning, but grasping their guns firmly. A battery was driving through the garden and wheeling into position, and a moment after I saw it was Gen. Lytle's. His brigade soon marched up and took position near the house. This startled, while it relieved me. We could not then afford to let a brigade lay idle—at such an important ford as Gordon's Mills. The enemy were at liberty to crush our right, and we were powerless to avert it. The only hope was that they would not attempt it—that they would mass everything on the right just as we had massed everything on the left wing.

Gen. Rosecrans shortly after emerged from the house. He was enveloped in a blue army overcoat, his pantaloons stuffed in his boots, and a light-brown felt hat, of uncertain shape, was drawn over his brow. A cigar—unlit—was held between his teeth, and his mouth was compressed as if he were sharply biting it. He stalked to a heap of embers where I was standing, and stood a moment silently by my side. An orderly brought a raw-boned, muscular, dapple-grey horse to him, and mounting it without a word, he rode down the road toward the lane, his staff clattering after him, and, understanding his mood, perhaps, as silent as himself.

I knew, and I had seen Rosecrans often and under widely different circumstances, that he was filled with apprehension for the issue of that day's fight. I recognized a change instantly, although I could hardly say in what it consisted. Rosecrans is usually brisk, nervous, powerful of presence; and to see him silent, or absorbed in what looked very much like gloomy contemplation, filled me with indefinable dread. Remember this was for but an instant, and when the leader thought he was entirely unobserved. Rosecrans is too good a soldier to let his face reflect to his men either his hopes or forebodings.

An hour passed by and the battle had not been revived. The troops, weary of standing in expectant phalanx, reclined on the ground, but where they could regain their places at a single bound.

Eight o'clock came, and the sun had lifted the fog and sent a grateful warmth to the long shivering lines of humanity. A few shots on the skirmishing line betrayed the fact that both armies were ready, and, apparently, both waiting for the other one to open the initial fire.

Nine o'clock, and even the pickets were quiet. I rode over to the left, and hearing no firing, I turned my horse's head directly towards the front. Here was Brannan's division, with its regiments retired one after another, as a sort of reserve. My heart sunk again, as I looked upon the slender regiments. This was the first battle of that division. At first, when commanded by Gen. Thomas, three or four of its regiments distinguished themselves at Mill Springs, but after that they missed the great battles of Shiloh and Stone River. Saturday morning it mustered nearly eight thousand bayonets—nearly double the average strength of a division. The next day there were few regiments that mustered over two hundred men.

The day before it was almost a pistol shot from the colors to the flanks. Now, a child could easily have spanned the distance with a pebble. Thrice had this division driven the enemy, and thrice had they been driven, and the slight, slight lines called a regiment, attested that they were veterans, though fighting their virgin battle. There was the 11th Ohio, scarcely numbering two small companies, coolly waiting for the shock. Beside was an Indiana regiment, a year and a half younger in the service, but, alas! as stinted of men as its battle-battered companion.

Moving forward to our foremost line of battle, I struck upon Palmer's division, holding a slight hill, on the crest of which had erected a little palisade of logs and rails. Over this a dozen cannon were peering, and the men stood in lengthened groups listening to the straggling skirmish fire which had broken out. The 2d Kentucky was there, and while I was shaking hands with old friends, the firing swelled up until the crack of a hundred rifles startled the ear. The soldiers sprang to their palisade without a word, and rested their guns calmly across it. Old soldiers and true soldiers, they needed no command to warn them to their posts.

Returning to the rear, I passed many of the dead of both armies. Here I stopped my horse to gaze on the face of a sweet boy in rebel uniform, who had been shot thro' the heart. I never saw a lovlier smile than that which death had imprinted upon his face. His eyes, moist and blue as in life, were wide open and expressed an excited joy, if ever I saw it in human face. His lips were parted by a smile. I have seen pleasure on the faces of the slain before, but never anything that was so unequivocally happy. The dead body could not have been more than fifteen. He was enveloped, rather than dressed, in a loose grey uniform, as neatly kept as it was clumsy. His loose stocking had fallen around his worn shoes, revealing a white and slender leg. What mother was robbed of her tender child when this poor boy fell?

Not far off reclined a German Federal artilleryman, with a patriarchal beard and a face as composed in death as if modeled after Socrates' own. He had bled to death from a wound in the neck, and his features wore the placid look of all who die from that cause. One arm was thrown under his head—the other hung loosely by his side. His fingers almost clasped a delicate mimosa that ran near, but its fragile leaves had opened with the morning. An infant's breath would shut up its tender foliage—it would almost shrink together from the touch of the wild bee's foot—but its stem twined between the dead soldier's fingers with leaves as open and blooming as if it loved the cold caress.

Turning again to the rear, I passed into a hospital. Here I found a number of the Woodward boys, one of the first companies to leave this city. It had taken twenty-eight men into Saturday's fight, of that number two were killed and eleven wounded. There was little Jesse DeBech, who was once discharged from the service as a minor, against his will, ran off from home when his company went to Western Virginia, and re-enlisted. He lay shot in three places—leg, right arm, and a hideous wound through his mouth. He extended his right hand to me with an apology for not giving me his shatter left—the little hero. "I'm nearly shot to pieces, ain't I?" he said, as well as he could utter the words through his torn palate and jaw, but not a word of complaint, not a sigh of pain or discomfort would he utter.

Sorrowfully I turned from the place and next found myself where Van Cleve was stationed as a reserve. Here was Sam Beatty, with what he brought out of his brilliant charge the day before—three hundred men were all that were left of fourteen hundred—four regiments in all, averaging less than one hundred men each. These figures I took from his morning report, and if I felt alarmed at the smallness of the battallions before, the infallible logic of figures did not re-assure me.

A quarter to ten. I rode over a cornfield in the rear of the lines, and threw a few ears of corn to my horse—a lean, stubborn colt—stubborn through lack of bridle knowledge, rather than an inherent vice. A funny animal was that colt. Indeed, army correspondents seem to get an eccentric beast through some fatality. My colt had a very confident way of selecting a tree at any stage of a journey, and sliding up to it to be tied, and it required all the pointed eloquence of my heels to stir him. But he was green, rather than vicious, for he would take my companion's cluck as soon as my own, and increase his gait accordingly.

While he was munching his corn, a sharp skirmish broke out on the left; a battery followed with four rapid discharges; the musketry fire rekindled, and in a moment there was a crash—a heavy volley of musketry—such a one as no line of skirmishers ever fired. I saw by my watch, that it lacked five minutes of ten.

The enemy opened a battery, and a grape-shot wide of its destination, struck within a few feet of me and glanced of up the hill. I try a knob further along but an occasional minie whistles by vehemently. It seemed as if there was no place within sight of the battle field that was absolutely safe.

The thunder of battle deepened, and for an hour there was no pause. The musketry was furious, drowning the thundering throbbing of a half dozen of our batteries in fierce action. For two miles I could see the gray blue smoke rise from the trees, tufted here and there by whirling spheres of vapor, as they were vomited from the hot and cavernous artillery.

There came a rift of stragglers to the rear — negroes leading officers' horses, wounded men, and some, I thought, only feigning to be wounded. They drifted slowly up the hill where I stood, their pace accelerated occasionally by the chance vagrant minies. These are the legitimate refuse of a fight, I thought. Every battle is the same thing—and I was thankful that there was no more of them. The stream stopped, but the battle grew more and more noisily terrible.

Suddenly a frightful cheer broke out along our entire left. Not a round, manly cheer—but a frantic, prolonged yell, pitched almost to a childish treble. It grew plainer and plainer, and I felt that the enemy was making the grand charge for which he had been gathering himself during the morning. I could see the smoke from fresh batteries arise; I could tell that every musket in more than half our army was unflinchingly engaged in belching death's flame into the very faces of the surging foe. How anxiously I watched those forests, from which, if overpowered, our forces must issue in confusion. Thank God not a man came out. The wild cheer, often vieing with the clangor of battle, for ten minutes—an eternity it seemed to my ears—dwindled away, then gushed out again further off. At last it died out slowly, prolonged shrilly towards the end, as if some Winkelried refused to follow his flying comrades, and was defying death in the shower of iron that seemed to rip and to shiver every atom of space save that where he was standing.

The terrific charge on the left had failed, but the thunder did not slacken. There were times when the elastic air and the impassive earth seemed to throb with the pulse of battle. At twelve o'clock the cring extended towards the right. We opened fresh batteries, and all, save Davis and Sheridan, were fighting. The terrific fury of the firing at this time cannot be described. It brought the hearts of those who were listening, in the rear, to their mouths. A dozen awful claps of thunder, at the same instant, might have been heard above the din of that fearful noon, but it would hardly have sensibly increased the crushing volume of sound.

Brannan, Baird, Negley, Reynolds, Johnson and Palmer were engaged in deadly conflict. They had repulsed the great charge of the day, but at heavy cost. The enemy had plenty of reserves, and massed them on the left. He pushed his lines forward, and the weakness of our brave right was beginning to show.

At the end of one short hour Van Cleve was no longer in reserve. He was fighting with Thomas for the left—that terrible gluttunous left. Wood, too, had been shoved in that direction, under a heavy fire, that costs him heavily; but he cannot stop to answer. He pushes forward and faces the front, and his men at last returned shot for shot.

At one o'clock the roar of battle had not abated in the least. Another stream of stragglers breaks to the rear, heavier than the first one. Again I try to convince myself that this is all legitimate. Men with guns pour out, and I cannot see that they are hurt. Four caissons trot out briskly and take up the hillside obliquely, hurriedly, it is true, but not panic stricken. I gallop over and ask the name of the battery. "One of Johnson's" is the reply, "and this is all that is left of it."

Once more the stream abated. A thousand men had left the field. "A brigade whipped only," I argued, "no occasion for alarm." The firing sounded nearer, but not much. Two o'clock came, and it neared alarmingly. Shortly after, for a third time they come in great waves, some taking the nearest road toward Chattanooga, many crossing the hills to strike other roads. A Colonel rode out, followed by forty or fifty men, and took his way down the road leisurely. The streams poured out, disorganized, but not apparently alarmed. A moment more and they seemed to issue by brigades. Great God! was this noble army—the flower of the Yankee service, as its enemies have termed it—to blot history with another Bull Run?

The caissons of two more entire batteries were mingling with the retreating army. Down the road the mass pushed, horses and men filling it, and struggling through the open forests on either side. I looked back and still great waves of men came out, defeated and disorganized. There was no panic and but little visible hurry, in this broken mass of men. As the line pushed on toward Chattanooga, the trains that had been packed along the roadside at different points poured into the throng, and took the same direction. Not another Bull Run, after all, I thought, for even the teamsters are collected.

For an instant, however, there was a panic. A shrill shout came up from behind, and the stragglers scattered from the road, thinking that the enemy's cavalry was upon them. The next moment their alarm was quieted. A *deer*, which had been hunted from its fastness by these two great searching armies, bounded down the road, and, darting through the disconcerted teams, dashed up the hill, while a thousand contiguous stragglers catched vainly at his fleet limbs.

The "rout" again became leisurely. I learned that after the withdrawal of Wood from the centre, Davis and Sheridan were necessarily called upon to fill the gap. Davis moved rapidly to the left, but after getting his position he could not alone breast the storm. The enemy began to perceive why he could not pierce our left, and massed his reserves on our right. Sheridan, whose division, like himself, is unfalteringly brave and hopeful, was compelled to abandon his strong position of the morning, and move by the flank on the double quick toward the left. He found Wood and Davis falling to pieces rapidly. His own men were falling thick—shot down while they were marching. He ordered his 2d brigade, Colonel Seiboldt, to deploy at the run and charge. The veterans make the charge nobly, but before they can reach the foe, a brigade of Davis is enfiladed, and the men, able to escape only to the right, overrun the charging column and tear it to pieces.

General Lytle had barely fronted his brigade when he was struck by a bullet in the head. His third battle and his third wound. Struck at Carnifex ferry and grevously hurt at Perryville, on both occasions he had requested those around him to leave him, exclaiming that he was mortally hurt. Falling into the arms of one of his volunteer aids, he again begged to be abandoned. Not until the enemy had almost closed around him, did the aid obey his desire, and then the General was apparently dead. Heaven grant that, as at Perryville, he may survive to the country. His brigade, their leader lost and without support on the right, fell back with the rest of Sheridan's division, fighting the while.

This was the story I gathered from some of Davis' retreating men. But I could find none of Sheridan's. "The rebels cut our army in two, and Sheridan, isolated on the right, is captured bodily," was the only intelligence I could get concerning him. Gloomy enough! I never felt more certain of anything in my life than that Rosecrans' army was utterly lost. I could not understand why the firing on the left was unabated, any more than I could understand why this vast column of retreating men was unmolested.

A rumor came back to several of Rosecrans' staff that he had last been seen leading a charge. He was either missing or dead. I heard it, and thought involuntarily of the Libby prison.

Rosecrans, with some of his staff, had thrown himself under fire, and endeavored to rally the ranks that had been shattered by the seemingly fatal attack on the left; but his heroic appeals were disregarded. Mortal courage could not have rallied the men on that field. Their ranks torn to pieces, their flanks passed at pleasure by the cunning enemy, they fled, but they fled as brave soldiers flee—without panic.

Reaching Missionary Ridge, six miles from Chattanooga, I found a line of infantry and cavalry drawn across the Ridge, to stop the retreating column. The men stopped without a word. No longer subjected to a hellish fire, they could reform at last, and they fell into line again, not only with alacrity but with an appearance of relief.

Meantime the fighting still progressed on the left. The right of Thomas' line was ragged and uncertain, and the enemy were soon enveloping it. Thomas, finding his right doubling back upon him, fell back just as soon as his troops began to show signs of confusion. Taking a position on a strong ridge, he rallied and inspired his lines, and rode up and down them with a drawn sword. When Gen. Thomas flourishes his sword, the danger must be great, for, modest and unaffected as a child, his courage is of that high moral order that shrinks from display. He fights from principle, quietly, stubbornly, inflexibly, and he expects no less of his troops.

I shall not attempt to say who remained with Thomas throughout that day. I shall mention some, however, who should have done so. The masses of men who drifted back towards Chattanooga, included hundreds from every division in the army, save Sheridan's, who had been completely cut off. There were hundreds of every division in the army who were with Thomas, and fought with him gallantly all that bitter day, although their own corps commanders were among the few armed men who passed the rallying line on Missionary ridge, and made their way to Chattanooga.

The whole army had fought well. Overpowered in numbers, it had been partially crushed, but its spirit was indomitable. It would be rank injustice for me to single out the generals or the divisions that remained with Thomas, for others were gathering together their broken lines and Sheridan, the gallant "little corporal" of the army, was heard from before the next morning gloriously enough.

Not knowing that Thomas still showed a bold front, although I heard the constant rattle of artillery towards his position, which I thought was from the guns of the slowly pursuing enemy, I passed on to Chattanooga, my belief that the army was totally lost not lessened by seeing Major General McCook and Major General Crittenden in town without commands. I expected to see the whole army streaming into Chattanooga at their heels, but beyond a long line of wounded soldiers slowly hobbling along the road, and perhaps a thousand stragglers who gradually found their way into the place, the signs of a retreating army lessened, until the road was cumbered only by wagon trains, trotting calmly into town, on several roads, and thence across the Tennessee as rapidly as they could move over the pontoons.

At five o'clock, a courier arrived from Gen. Thomas, and reported that he was driving the enemy again. Reinforced by Gen. Gordon Granger, he had turned upon the enemy, who was himself beginning to exhibit signs of grogginess. I felt a thrill of joy at this wholly unexpected announcement. I had thought the destruction of the army inevitable—Thomas, at least, entertained a different opinion. He had taken a position on Missionary Ridge, where he still covered all ingress to Chattanooga. What was left of the 10,000 fighting men in his corps were with him, and remnants of other divisions formed on his right. The position was a strong one, and the enemy in vain attempted to carry it. Their efforts were much feebler than in the morning, though there was still danger in them.

From that time Thomas, glorious Thomas, baffled them at every point; charge after charge he rolled off with his troops reinspirited by Granger's timely brigades. As the efforts of the enemy grew feebler, he threw forward several brigades and drove him back almost beyond his old position, regaining one of his most important hospitals.

I firmly believe that the sudden giving way of the right divisions insured the salvation of the army. The right had been denuded of troops to reinforce the left The brave divisions that remained endeavored to close up the gaps on the double-quick, but many, as I have already said, were shot down on the march. Cut up piece-meal, by the artful massing of the rebels on their own left, they must either have been surrounded or have given way as they did, precipitately.

There is every reason to believe that the sudden disappearance of these two divisions threw the enemy into equal disorder.—Some of his attacking brigades were opposed and driven away in confusion; others advanced slowly through forests, expending their ammunition on the vacant air. At sunset on Sunday night, Bragg's lines must have been as curiously disposed as our own.

JOSH BILLINGS IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

Havin an hour ov time yesterda, that want spoke for, i dropt into the sanktimony ov "The *Dala Pokeepsian*." The good-looking edditurs ov the consarn was both "non est on handibus," and I sunk into the esy cheer, jist as kamly as a moss kivered bucket sinks into a well on a hot da. On the tabil befoar me la a pile ov manskrip, and i ced to miself "go in Josh and repli."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

"Lines tu a sleeping infant, Bi Alice," received. Tha ar tender, dredful tender, almost tu tender, tu keep thru this hot spel; yu hav talons of the highest order, but yu must kross yure t's or yu kant suckseed in in potri; good Bi Alice!

When this yu see,
Remember me,
Yure friend Josh B.
Etarnilee.

"Reverie ov a Bachelor" Anonimous. Received and kontents noted. Thar is only one trubble with this produckshon, which time will korrect, and that is, "it wont du at all for our colums," respektfully declined, (on the part of the edditars, by J. B.) on account ov its length and thickness.

"A Prairie on fire," Bi Diogenese. Rejected at onst. Tu hot for the seson—cool artikles take the best now. It made me swet to reid the manuskrip. Don't despair Diogenese, if yu find literature aint yure stile, try sawing wood; ive known hundreds of men make a dust sawing wood, who want worth a cuss tu rite for the nusepapirs.

"Wait a little longer," Bi Eugene. This potri wants gressing. Thar aint nothing so easy tu rite as protri, if yu know how. Our advise to this author is to take pills, and if that don't release him ov his potri, he kan konsiude he has got the potri disease the nosal wa, and is liable tu brake out at sumtime.

☞ Celestial smash—the break of day.